

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Prophets Of Rage"

With vice I hold the mike device
With force I keep it away of course
And I'm keepin' you from sleepin'
 And on stage I rage
 And I'm rollin'
To the poor I pour in on in metaphors
 Not bluffin', it's nothin'
 That we ain't did before
 We played you stayed
 The points made
 You consider it done
 By the prophets of rage
 (Power of the people say)

I roll with the punches so I survive
Try to rock 'cause it keeps the crowd alive
 I'm not ballin', I'm just callin'
But I'm past the days of yes y'allin'
 Wa wiggle round and round
 I pump, you jump up
 Hear my words my verbs
 And get juiced up
 I been around a while
You can descibe my sound
 Clear the way
 For the prophets of rage
 (Power of the people say)

I rang ya bell
Can you tell I got feelin'
 Just peace at least
 Cause I want it
 Want it so bad
 That I'm starvin'
 I'm like Garvey
 So you can see B
 It's like that, I'm like Nat
 Leave me the hell alone
If you don't think I'm a brother
Then check the chromosomes
 Then check the stage
 I declare it a new age
Get down for the prophets of rage
 Keep you from gettin' like this

You back the track
You find we're the quotable

You emulate
Brothers, sisters that's beautiful
Follow a path
Of positivity you go
Some sing it or rap it
Or harmonize it through Go-Go
Little you know but very
Seldom I do party jams
About a plan

I'm considered the man
I'm the recordable
But God made it affordable
I say it, you play it
Back in your car or even portable
Stereo
Describes my scenario
Left or right, Black or White
They tell lies in the books
That you're readin'
It's knowledge of yourself
That you're needin'
Like Vessey or Prosser
We have a reason why
To debate the hate
That's why we're born to die
Mandela, cell dweller, Thatcher
You can tell her clear the way for the prophets of rage
(Power of the people you say)

It's raw and keepin' you on the floor
Its soul and keepin' you in control
It's pt. 2 cause I'm
Pumpin' what you're used to
Until the whole juice crew
Gets me in my goose down
I do the rebel yell
And I'm the duracell
Call it plain insane
Brothers causein' me pain
When a brothers a victim
And the sellers a dweller in a cage
Yo, run the a capella
(Power of the people say)